

medium II

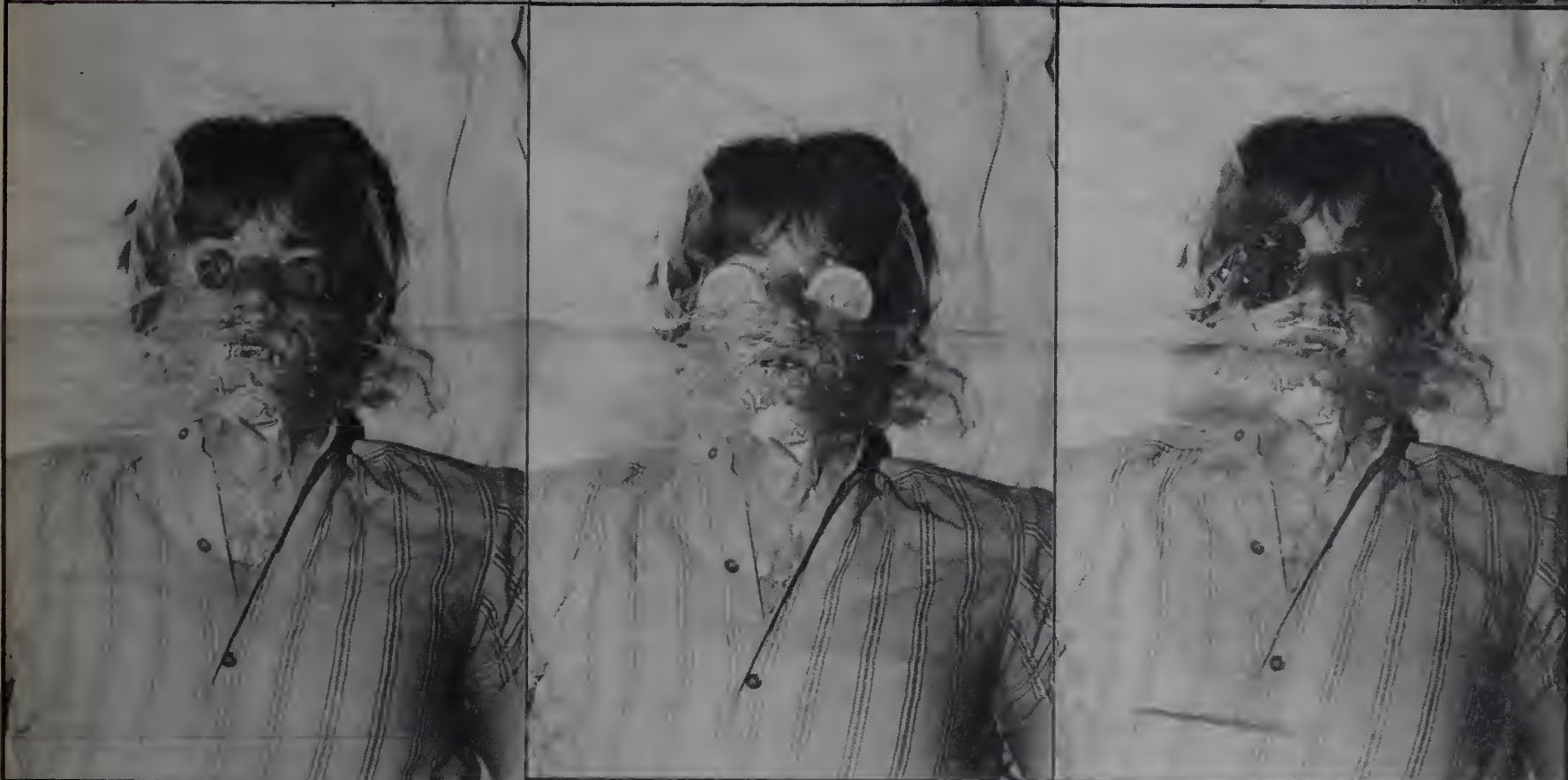
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Volume II, Issue 9

November 21, 1984

Photo Cover by Carol Larusson



The artist paints a picture.

A temporary image
As with each new d
The picture was cho
Seemingly out of
While ignoring its
With paint brush and palette
Attempting to hold its attention

Violet Gro

★ special centre section ★ Literally Spe

medium II perspective

Editorial Board

medium II is published weekly by Medium II Publications. The opinions expressed herein are those of the editors of the paper and are not necessarily those of Medium II Publications. Formal complaints regarding the editorial or business practices of medium II should be addressed to: The Editor-in-Chief, c/o medium II, 3359 Mississauga Road North, Mississauga, Ontario, L5L 1C8.

medium II is a member of Canadian University Press (CUP), a non-profit co-operative of College and University newspapers. National advertising is supplied by Compus Plus, a wholly owned subsidiary of CUP. Local advertising should be directed to the Business Department of medium II. Phone 828-5260.



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Up in smoke...

Approximately 33% of Canada's population smokes. Those who don't are nevertheless affected.

In Abbotsford B.C., the neighbours of Mr. George Coles took him to court about it. Judge William Selbie declared the smoke a private nuisance, as the neighbours John and Gloria Raith, charged that the cigar smoke drifted into their third-floor apartment, causing upset stomachs, heartburn, nausea and emotional strain. Mr. Coles was ordered to cease "emitting and discharging noxious substances" in his own home.

At Erindale College, a home away from home for many students, the business services department is working towards a solution, which will protect the rights of non-smokers in the cafeterias on campus.

Statistics Canada determined that 19.6% of Canadians with a University degree smoke, as compared with the 28.2% of Canadians with a secondary school certificate or diploma who smoke.

An independent survey conducted by an Erindale student provided some insight into the situation at Erindale. Both cafeterias were surveyed several times, at different hours, with the number of smokers compared to non-smokers.

Only 17% of the Erindale College population smokes. Accordingly, steps are being taken to reduce the smoking areas in both the North and South Building Cafeterias to 20%, taking into account the national and local figures.

The plan to place "Reserved for Non-Smokers" cards on 80% of the tables in the cafeterias should be reinforced by larger poster-size signs, clearly showing the demarcation lines, sometime next week.

When the reduction of the smoking areas occurs, non-smokers may still have to be vocal about their rights. It will be a test of the respect that smokers have for non-smokers on campus. One would hope that the students will respect and uphold the decision, since it is essentially in the interest of health and better student relation.

The Press Box has been a no-smoking zone since September. We have encountered few problems as most smokers respect our decision. We believe people have the right to as pollution-free an environment as possible, and hope that these changes will enhance the atmosphere at Erindale.

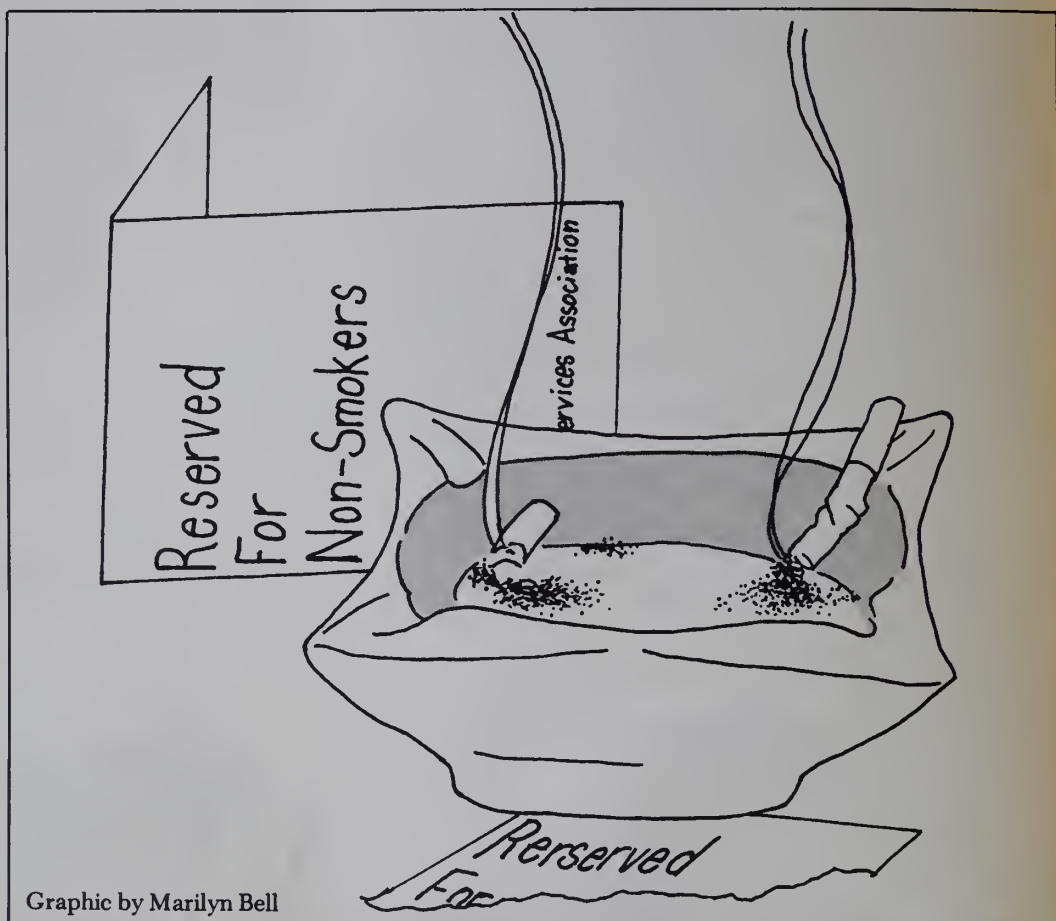
A pressing concern

Sorry, no David Wilcox pictures or story this week. No Cleveland coverage, either.

ECSU's enforcement of a policy that does not allow press passes to events which require advance tickets, makes it very difficult for us to cover these events. Staff members already give of their time and energy; they can't be asked to pay for the privilege of covering an ECSU event.

medium II is working with a much smaller budget, and cannot afford to pay to send reporters and photographers to cover events.

Ultimately, this means that medium II will not be able to cover the most popular (best-attended) groups that appear at *The Blind Duck*. Advance tickets are not sold for the less famous acts, so press passes are issued. FM, Nash the Slash, and Stark Naked and the Fleshtones put on good shows, but to a very select few.



Graphic by Marilyn Bell

Reviews of these bands may only appeal to the small number of people who attended, thus limiting the power of the paper to maintain a consistent readership.

Wilcox, however, played to a full house, and most of the audience no doubt expects and would appreciate a follow-up story.

Perhaps ECSU does not realize that coverage of an ECSU-sponsored event might help improve their image, and serve to make more students aware of them. Can ECSU afford to lose press coverage?

If ECSU directors are able to get into the Thursday night pub free of charge, could they not spare two press tickets? For all of the events to be covered this year, the attendance of a reporter and a photographer might cost a total of \$120 (two tickets for medium II for twelve concerts at a maximum cost of \$5 per ticket). On the other hand, if every ECSU director takes advantage of his or her free entrance to the Thursday night pub, the revenue lost would be \$468.

If ECSU is willing in theory to lose that amount of potential income, how does two tickets for the specific purpose of coverage compare?

medium II letters

Quality Control?

Recently I have become concerned with the lack of quality of your newspaper. This concern rises from the fact that medium II fails in the two primary goals of a newspaper: These goals are to deliver the news in an objective, unbiased manner and to provide the readers with information on relevant current affairs through commentaries and editorials.

My concern about the first point is that medium II portrays news about other campus organizations (such as E.C.S.U. and CFRE) through a meaningless, commendatory fog of praise. I would go so far as to say that medium II has become a puppet of E.C.S.U. just at the time it was supposed to gain more autonomy. (Pictures of

E.C.S.U. directors appear next to articles which don't even bear mentioning their names—it's called kissing ass).

My second concern is that space is wasted by devoting commentaries and editorials to silly and childish notions, notions such as changing the name of the 5 minute walk to the "Fox Trot". "Hmmm...Interesting"—that such a concept should be relegated to the editorial page (Why not have a referendum on renaming the path? Surely it would be a more efficient waste of time and money).

Another problem I see is in wasting space by referring continuously to "DUCKWORTHINESS" and other "DUCKWORDS". I can see that your intent in using references to "DUCKS" and other important figures in the college is to raise campus spirit. Too bad it doesn't work. Fortunately in my next week's letter I will show you a way that does work.

David S. Thompson

Mr. Thompson:

Thank you for your concern about

the newspaper. It is encouraging to receive mail—an indication that people are reading.

You, however, seem to have been selective in your reading. To begin, the editorial of Oct. 24/84 explained the status of medium II (This is your student newspaper...). I would not presume to call it "my" paper.

As for portraying campus organizations such as CFRE and ECSU "through a commendatory fog of praise", I refer you to the editorials of Oct. 17/84 (Does ECSU know to listen to you?) and Oct. 31/84 (Heads or tails: tossing the options to judge). Both ECSU and CFRE would disagree strongly with you.

Concern for community spirit is hardly a "silly and childish notion". The inability to express one's self without the use of such phrases as "kissing ass", however, may indicate the inexperience of the writer. Please join if you would like to learn how to write.

Last but not least, the "duck" situation to which you refer concerns ECSU. The back page of medium II is at the disposal of ECSU, for advertising, as stated in the Transfer of Assets Agreement. Any complaints you have about their use of the word "duck" should be forwarded to them.

The Editor-in-Chief

Listening attempts

In the last edition of medium II, we noticed an article written by Russ Cruickshank complaining about the lack of listener response to the station. This is probably due to a lack of listeners.

One way to increase listenership (by 4 people) would be to fix the CFRE speaker in our house (residence 9). In September a member of our house phoned the station asking to have the speaker fixed, he was told it would be fixed promptly. A few weeks later when he went down to the station to further inquire, he was told that the repair crew would be making a trip to all the houses and that house 9 would be a special priority case.

Now it is Nov. 8 and the reason we don't respond well to the station is because we still can't hear it.

The members of house 9
Mark Cooke, Steve Lessy,
David Thompson, Tom Murczek

Small stuff but this week—too much copy! Oh yes! Oh yes! Thanks to Kim, Russ, Tom, Kelly, Steve, George, Carol, Marlynn, and of course the writers and photographers! Honest guys. I'll try to get more cheap and stay lively! Thanks to video and video cameras, and a camera.

news

Drinking responsibly: it can be fun

By Russ Cruickshank

BACCHUS—The title sounds really boring! Boost Alcohol Consciousness Concerning the Health of University Students. But NO! they are not a group against drinking. Actually, BACCHUS was the Greek and Roman God of wine!

According to Mark Deacon of ECSU, who attended a BACCHUS conference in Waterloo recently, the group, which began at Florida State University, has three basic goals: 1) to provide facts on drinking and alcohol, 2) to help encourage moderation in drinking, and 3) to help pro-

mote communication on alcohol-related matters.

In the immediate future, BACCHUS would like to see the disappearance of the stigma attached to drinking a coke in a bar.

One way this is done is to work with campus pubs to create an additional "exotic" non-alcoholic menu. For example, a Virgin Mary as opposed to a Bloody Mary, or instead of a Salty Dog one could order a Salty Puppy.

The worst problems seem to exist in first year all across the continent, where students on the whole will do almost anything to resist alienation, including drinking.

It is a known fact that more than 80% of university students drink alcohol. At least 10% of these experience very negative consequences after drinking.

Is there a problem at Erindale College? It depends on one's opinion, but the college is really not any different from any other university. The exceptions are WLU (Laurier) and Windsor that now have BACCHUS chapters, and Queens and McGill which have received a lot of publicity lately over their excessive drinking reputations.

It is suggested that anyone who has more than one and a half drinks a day on an average

has a significant problem. But the Addiction Research Foundation has found that alcohol is the drug most frequently used by students. That, of course, makes sense—many consider it a social lubricant and a way of relieving the unexpected pressures at university. But don't worry girls: girls and guys are basically just as bad, according to surveys.

Starting a BACCHUS chapter would require three necessary stages with a lot of administration, student, and

ECSU co-operation involved. But it would be cumbersome in a campus this size. The best idea would be to acknowledge BACCHUS, but work on our own to get the Blind Duck to add the "exotic" non-alcoholic drink menu.

Although they now have St. Christopher de-alcoholized beer (at \$1.40 each), they could still try something like a Wine Appreciation Night. And ECSU may wish to do a Restaurant crawl instead of the usual pub crawls.

You can save a life this year

By Stephen Froom

UNICEF; the name brings to mind visions of starving children and food lines. For 35 years now UNICEF has been providing relief aid through funds raised by sales of greeting cards, and gifts.

A large portion of funds raised in this year's Christmas Card Campaign will go towards the creation of a new low cost program aimed at reducing child mortality.

This program, called Oral Rehydration Therapy has been hailed as the greatest medical breakthrough since the discovery of antibiotics.

For example, through Oral Rehydration Therapy, the death of a child suffering from diarrhoeal infection can be prevented at a cost of only 10 cents.

In the past, rehydration was

a very difficult and costly process; as a result, fewer children's lives could be saved. Thanks to UNICEF, science and public donations more children than ever before will be saved from miserable suffering.

Each dollar raised through UNICEF's campaign translates into three dollars towards this or similar programs. This occurs through the matching of each UNICEF dollar by one dollar from CIDA (the Canadian International Development Agency) and one dollar from the government of the country being assisted.

The purchase of UNICEF calendars, stationery, gift-wrap, greeting cards and other gifts helps provide happiness for more than just the recipient. If you're buying gifts this year, why not buy some

from UNICEF. For more information on your nearest sales location, call (416) 947-1565.



Unicef Card
1-800-268-6362

Send a UNICEF card today and help a child to a better future.

For a FREE BROCHURE call the toll free number and ask for Operator 508.
In TORONTO: For free brochure and sales information call 947-1565.



Artists: your chance to 'show' off

By Carol Larusson

If you're in the Art and Art History programme, or an independent artist looking for a



highly publicized event to exhibit your work then the city of Toronto is the place to be this summer.

Yes, it's time for the 24th annual juried Toronto Outdoor Art Exhibition to begin accepting applications for the July 12, 13 and 14th show held at Nathan Phillips Square.

Last year, over 600 artists participated in this show of talent, including over 60 full-time art students from colleges and universities in Ontario.

This exhibition also arranges for a few talented artists to

display their works free of charge in some of Toronto's top galleries including: Dresdner, Nancy Poole, Koffler Gallery, The Eaton Art Gallery, City Streets and Wind-song to name a few.

All artists interested in submitting a registration form must do so by February 28, 1985, accompanied by five slides or photos of your recent work.

For more information on the categories available to enter, registration, space allotment, etc. please call Beth Slaney at (416) 481-6877—or for more general inquiries phone The Press Box at 828-5260 and ask for Carol Larusson.

tives here, who basically support Reagan."

Korot, who sported a Mondale/Ferraro button at the McGill U.S. election-night bash said: "Everyone is aware Reagan will sweep by a large margin. It might give people a little bit of satisfaction to vote here where there's a little bit more of a chance for Mondale to win."

There are about 1,000 Americans studying at McGill.

Reagan didn't win

Montreal (CUP)—Walter Mondale won a landslide victory as president of the United States, in a mock election by McGill University students, Nov. 6.

Nine hundred McGill students at three polling stations across the campus voted 62 percent in favour of Mondale, in an election sponsored by a campus group called Americans Abroad.

Sixty-five per cent of the U.S. students who voted

supported Mondale. Mondale got 60 per cent of Canadian students' votes. Among 100 students who voted for neither candidate, six picked Pierre Trudeau.

"I'm surprised by the margin for Mondale on both of them (American and Canadians)" said Matt Korot, a councillor of Americans Abroad. "Though I've met a lot of Canadians who have negative images of Reagan, I've also met a lot of Progressive Conserva-

Privacy threatened

Regina (CUP)—The University of Regina council wants students to boycott upcoming registration for next term's courses because it says a new registration system violates students' rights.

The new registration system, announced Oct. 26 by the administration, prioritizes students into eight categories according to their number of credits and grade point averages and forces students to reveal their social insurance number. Each category registers on a separate day starting Nov. 15 with students with the most credits registering first.

"I think it's an inappropriate use of the SIN," said John Lancaster, student council vice-president. "We've already had students tracked for unemployment insurance abuse. If we can get a judgement saying this is illegal, it will add that much more weight to our argument."

Registrar, Noel Stables, says the administration did not devise the system to weed out students with poor grades or to set up a quota system. But he added that students must register in this way and those who boycott the registration will be last in line.

"If students don't register in

this way, it's no way at all," Stables said. "If they don't fill out the form, they don't get entered into the computer. If they don't get entered into the computer, they cease to exist...as far as we're concerned."

Reid Robinson, associate administration vice-president of development, admits the new system creates problems. "It's got to be handled carefully. There are obvious problems with respect to privacy."

But Robinson says the SIN is used because most students will be or have been employed by the university and the system allows for easy classification. He says the administration rushed in the system after it realized the university's computers could not handle the load.

"The computer we have can only handle 300 registrations a day, so we had to come up with a new system."

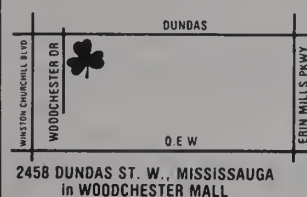
Lancaster, however, warned that terminal operators may not have the experience to handle the load of the new system.

But when Staples was asked about the possibility of a major breakdown, he laughed and said university administrators are keeping their fingers crossed.

Mulligan's Roadhouse Presents Great Times

Every night of the week something is going on at Mulligan's. Come and check us out! Enjoy great food and great drink!

Our Happy Hours are:
Monday-Friday 4:30-5:30, 9-10 p.m.
Saturday 5:30-6:30, 9-10 p.m.
Sunday 5:30-6:30 p.m.



822-2300



sports

We are Champions in Rugger and...



By Trevor Finkbiner
Erindale's Division II Men's Interfaculty Rugby team clinched the playoff finals last Wednesday by defeating New College 12-0.
The team has been top ranked from wire to wire, undefeated in all 7 regular season games.
They boast an incredible 87 accumulated points for and only 9 against. They managed to accumulate another 40 points during their play-off campaign.
This outstanding record may explain the team's flat performance in the opening half. In coach Brian Harper's words, "the team may have been slightly over confident coming into the game."
The second half was a completely different story. Erindale controlled the play for the majority of this half.
They battered New College with an intensive offensive

drive.
Although New seemed to match Erindale's strength at the scrum, Erindale's fierce determination could not be held off indefinitely. Mid-way in the half, Jody Mangiardi broke loose and plowed into the end zone for Erindale's first 4 points.
The most outstanding play of the game came about via the conversion attempt by Scott Ward along the right side-line.
Scott himself had doubts that he could be successful on this attempt, but these doubts were short lived. A beautifully executed kick split the uprights for two points, making the score 6-0 Erindale.
They struck again only 30 seconds later with an impressive effort by Paul McShane, followed by another flawless Scott Ward conversion.
Coach Dr. Bob Ryckman attributes the team's success to their "outstanding character".



...in Soccer as well!

By George Johnson
The Erindale Women's soccer team went out winners as they narrowly defeated St. Mikes by one goal, on penalty kicks.
Jill Ten Cate drew first blood for the Hustlers, their only goal in regulation play.
Late in the second half, St. Mikes scored on a blooper shot that seemed to evade Danielle Hurst, the Hustlers' netminder.
Full time ended with the

score tied at one.
Then they tried to decide the outcome of the game with two five-minute halves. Nobody could find the net and the game remained tied at one.
Finally the game was to be decided by penalty kicks. There would be one round of five kicks per team.
Shooting last, the Hustlers had an advantage and took the lead. On their last shot, however, St. Mikes found the net

and the first round ended in a draw.
So, the second round began. Just like its predecessor, the second round ended in a draw.
After that it was determined by sudden-death penalty kicks. For three tries, Erindale matched St. Mikes either goal for goal or miss for miss.
Then, on the fourteenth Hustler penalty kick, Lynette Cairns, playing in her last game, scored the game winner to clinch the championship.

Pharmacy wins over Eagles

By Jill Ten Cate
The Erindale Eagles Women's Basketball team lost a hard-fought battle to Pharmacy, 17-15, in a division II game recently.
Pharmacy came out strong in the first half, but Erindale played a tough defensive game and trailed by only 3 points at the end of the first half. Danielle Hurst, Angela Mills and Amy Bryan kept the score

within reach with their strong playing.
Erindale put together one of their tightest games of the season, even though they played most of the game without a coach.
Pharmacy applied a strong press at the beginning of the second half but Erindale withstood the pressure, remaining just a few points behind.
Erindale ran into foul trouble near the end of the second

half as their leading scorer, Colette Robert, fouled out. Playing with just five players, the Eagles fought back. A foul shot by Beth Smith tied the game and put the contest into overtime.
Still facing foul trouble, the Eagles were left with four players for the overtime period. Pharmacy managed to score 2 unanswered points to win the game.

E.C.H.L Standings as of November 15, 1984

	GP	W	L	T	GF	GA	PTS
CCCCP	6	5	1	0	27	20	10
Blues	6	4	2	0	26	15	8
Free Agents	6	3	3	0	35	24	6
Plum Bobs	6	0	6	0	10	39	0

Results

Free Agents	8	Plum Bobs	4
Free Agents	10	CCCCP	1
Blues	5	Plum Bobs	0
CCCCP	3	Blues	0
Blues	6	Plum Bobs	1
CCCCP	8	Free Agents	2

Men beat Grads

By Diana Dawson
Our men's Division A basketball team pulled off another victory last Tuesday evening with a win over the Grads. The final score was 62-52.
From the beginning of the game, both teams played quite aggressively. Overall, it was a fairly rough game. So rough in fact that Erindale's Brian Mitchell badly injured his left knee with a crash to the floor. After a one minute delay in the game, he was helped off the court and replaced.
Erindale managed to retain the lead throughout the first half, ending it with a score of 24-20.
Yet with only five minutes into the second half, the Grads began to pull away; a lead which would remain until the final minutes of the game.
Both teams took a considerable number of fouls playing

defensively. The Grads' team disagreed with several of the calls made by the referees.
With about five minutes left in the game, the Grads were still ahead. But Erindale's Bill Fitzpatrick managed to pull his team ahead by netting a basket.
The remainder of the game saw both teams in a fierce battle to retain a lead. The Grads began to pour on the steam knowing that they were down by only a few baskets. Yet, they appeared to clinch the game for Erindale by committing more fouls.
Mitch Zuk was Erindale's lead scorer with a total of 24 points, followed by Mike Drury with 12.
On a further note, our Division B men's team, who were scheduled to play Dentistry last Tuesday, won by default.

R.K. Somerville, D.C.
and
S.J. Weller, D.C.

announce the opening of their practice at the
Erindale Chiropractic and Sports Injury Clinic

Suite 101, 3173 Erindale Stn. Rd. (North of Dundas), Mississauga,
Ontario

Office Hours: Mon.-Sat.

Tel.: 848-1990/848-1991

Special rates for full-time students

sports

McGill teams guilty of using ringers

MONTREAL(CUP)—McGill University is circumventing its own admission standards and violating Canadian Inter-University Athletics Union policy by admitting football players as continuing education students.

The CIAU says a player must be a full-time student in a degree program but at least one McGill player last year was admitted as a continuing education student, and several more on the McGill Redmen team this year have the same status.

At Concordia University, one of the players on the Concordia Stingers team, who asked that his name not be used, said McGill University offered him the continuing

education route to get on McGill's football team after he was refused from the program he wanted to enter at McGill.

"I don't know how they do it, but at that school if you're in continuing education you can play football," the student said.

Ken Coffin, head of the CIAU eligibility committee, was unavailable for comment, but his secretary Sharron Kozak said she has never heard of McGill admitting football players as continuing education students.

"The rule is they (players) have to be full-time students," Kozak said. "Up here (at Lakehead University in Thunder Bay) you would not be con-

sidered a full-timer by taking evening courses."

McGill has announced its plans to get out of the Quebec University Athletics Association to form a new league, the Big Four, along with the University of Toronto, Queen's University and Western Ontario.

McGill said its high admissions standards make it uncompetitive with other schools which attract better players because of lower admissions standards.

"It's a tremendous advantage to another school to have lower admissions standards," said McGill Athletics director Bob Dubeau. "Our academic standards are probably higher than most schools in the coun-

try."

Dubeau said McGill wants its team to compete with the three other universities because they have "similar standards for balanced competition."

Concordia Stingers coach Skip Rochette called the standards "a crock". "He's standing there at the front door while the back door is wide open," Rochette said.

Bishop's University Gaiters coach Bruce Colter said one student who was refused from Bishop's—which has lower admissions standards than McGill—was accepted by the McGill Redmen football team this fall by enrolling in continuing education.

"I think it's crazy, the holier-than-thou attitude of those (big

four) schools," Colter said.

According to Andre Ippersiel, an employee at McGill's continuing education department, CEGEP students entering continuing education do not have to have a certain average.

"You have to show a transcript, but there's not any average you have to have," Ippersiel said.

Rochette said a student rejected from Concordia is on this year's Redmen starting offensive line, but he refused to give the player's name.

"We (the Stingers) have never had a player who was not registered in a faculty as a full-time student," said Rochette, who has coached the Stingers for seven years.

Vanier Cup Week

By George Johnson

The Vanier Cup: the symbol of C.I.A.U. football supremacy. On Saturday, November 24, this coveted award will be up for grabs in what should truly be an exciting contest.

In a match-up between the west and the east, the Vanier Cup is just about the only trophy in North America that is truly national.

As well as a high-spirited game, there are contributing factors to increase the excitement, starting with the declaration of the week of the 19th

as Vanier Cup Festival Week by Dennis Flynn, Chairman of Metro Toronto Council.

The hoopla of the week begins on the 21st with the Vanier Cup Kick-Off. Media Reps and celebrities from all over will compete in a place kicking competition. The Toronto Junior Board of Trade will donate to Diabetes Canada \$1.00 for every yard kicked in total.

The Bonkers Break Dancing Competition takes place in the Concert Hall (Yonge and Davenport) at 7:30 p.m.

On the 23rd the Vanier Cup Dinner Dance takes place in the Ballroom at the Westin Hotel. Proceeds from this \$60.00 per person gala go to Diabetes Canada.

The Vanier Cup Parade will begin at 10:45 on Saturday the 24th. Starting at Bloor and Church, the parade will follow Bloor to Varsity Stadium.

And then, at 1:00 p.m., the Game begins. Tickets are \$10, \$8, \$6, and \$4, available at BASS outlets or from the Vanier Cup Ticket Office at 928-2990.

In addition, the game will be televised nationally by CTV and broadcast on radio by CBC.

Winning end for men

By Trevor Finkbinder

Erindale's Warriors had nothing to gain but personal satisfaction as they narrowly topped the important Skule engineering team. 13-12 was the final score in this, the last game of the men's Interfaculty football season.

Neither team managed a play-off spot this year; Erindale's win-loss record, for this season was a disappointing 1 and 5, Skule finished their season with a dismal 0 and 6 record.

The Warriors trailed at the half by five, but a strong defensive second half allowed Erindale to hold back Skule and score the winning touch down.

Strong performances were exhibited by; Al Missen and

Dean Fox. Missen played strongly, scoring the first Warrior touch down. Fox made a couple of sacks from his defensive line-backers post.

The defensive team forced 3 turn-overs out of Skule in the second half alone.

Much of the credit for the Warriors' performance must be given to Pete Hryciuk, the previously untested Erindale pivot who was credited with the winning touch down. Coach Terry Ratray singles out these players for their contributions.

R. C. Coleman, the Skule coach, concedes that his team did not play four quarters of football and that, "the team that wants it most walks away the victors."

notices

Erindale College Ski Club

Lake Placid, New York
From \$279 Canadian!!!! Package includes transportation, one night stop over in Montreal!!!! 4 nights accommodation at the Lake Placid Hilton, 5 days skiing on Whiteface Mtn. (over 3,000 ft. vertical), shuttle to and from slopes, 5 breakfasts and more!!!! Deposit of \$75.00 due by Nov. 23/84!! More info in the Athletic Office or call Nigel 820-1882.

Erindale History Students Union

Presents
Star Trek II
The Wrath of Khan
Thursday November 22
2-4 p.m.
Room 262 North Building
Beer and Soft Drinks Available

Jewish Students' Union

Tuesday, 12 noon, South Bldg. rm 3057.

Faculty, staff and students, you're invited for lunch and Jewish Study Group led by Rabbi Itkin of Lubavitch Youth Org. Hamilton. For more info call 828-5369 or Jewish Students' Union 923-9861.

Erindale Christian Fellowship

Erindale Christian Fellowship brings entertainer Mark Moore in for a Coffee House on Thurs. Nov. 22nd. 10¢ coffee and timbils in room 2068, S. building (just across from the lecture halls) at 4:30 to 7:30. Bring a friend.

North Building Book Drop

With financial assistance from the Part-Time Student's Association, a book drop is now available outside Room 158 in the North Building. From September till May, circulating books and journals (excluding short-term "reserve" items) can be returned there, all hours that the building is open (approx. 7:30 a.m. to 9:30 p.m.). Downtown material can be returned here as well.

Understanding Memory

The Associates of the Erindale Campus, U of T, will be holding their annual lecture series on November 15 and 22, and the title of this year's series is Understanding Memory.

On November 22nd, a presentation will be given by Dr. Daniel Schacter of the University of Toronto's Unit for Memory Disorder. Dr. Schacter will draw on his experiences with the unit and will talk on how to improve memory as well as how to cope with memory failure.

Tickets are \$10 for the series or \$6 for an individual lecture. Both lectures will take place at 7:30 p.m. in Room 2074, South Building on the Erindale Campus. Call Maryann Wells at 828-5214.

Events in Mississauga Library System

Tuesday, November 27—*Woman is...*
Women Want... is the title of a film showing at Mississauga Central Library at 10:30 a.m. 279-7002.

Send a Sweetheart a Sweet

For a mere 75¢ we will send your friend, lover, sweetheart, acquaintance, fellow student, professor—any soul on campus a homemade gingerbread man/woman.

We'll tie it up with pretty Christmas bows and attach your own personal message to it. All we need from you is the time, day and place where this person can be found and Santa and his elves will deliver your sweet and message. Be mysterious, romantic, funny, imaginative—"sweeten up" somebody's day by sending them a Christmas sweet.

Order forms can be picked up in the North Bldg. outside of the cafeteria the week of Nov. 19th. Merry Christmas from the German Club
P.S. Sweets will be distributed the week of Nov. 26th.

By George! by George Johnson

Sports news, views, comments, digressions, meandering meditations and more...

Comments By George Johnson

Acting Sports Editor

Since joining the staff of the *medium II*, I have noticed one fact of life that seems to be plaguing most of, if not all of the sports I've covered; lack of attendance.

This affliction is not limited to the intramural sports, (where it appears that nobody cares anyhow), but also affects the interfaculty sports, which are consistently hampered by poor turnouts.

While it is justifiable that people attend classes, it must be understood that there is another side to university.

When teams are full of talent, but only half of the players show up on a given day, they can not compete as well as when they have a full team.

This happened with the Women's Soccer team. Tying or losing games when they were short-handed, the Hustlers won games at full strength. They overcame their original deficits and went on to become champions.

The Men's B Soccer team was faced with a similar record. In one game, the team wound up playing my predecessor (Rino Anastasio) in the game he covered. I narrowly escaped the pains of the same fate when they played the coach. In one of the few games that they did have a complete team, the team played

University A to a 2-2 draw.

So, obviously, the teams can win; it's just a matter of fielding a team.

Okay, now that we've identified the problem, we can offer a set of measures to be enforced either in part, or as a whole.

1) We can make lack of attendance in the intramural a penalty. If the person signs up to play, and then quits without a valid reason, then that player should be suspended from all sporting activities (including interfaculty), both team and individual.

2) If a team has less than 50% turnout for the first half of the season, then that team should be suspended from any team competition for two years.

3) Players that have less than 50% attendance over the first half of the season should be taken off the team so as not to jeopardize the team, and

4) In the case of interfaculty teams where attendance is poor, let the various part-time students play. I am sure that there are several high spirited part-timers who, like myself, wanted to play in interfaculty sports. However, due to an obscure rule in the Interfaculty code, part-time students registered in colleges other than Woodsworth, are not allowed to compete for their college.

Barring these, both the intramural

and the interfaculty teams are doomed to have minimal success in any game they play against a team where there is better attendance, and obviously far greater spirit!

If you disagree with these opinions, prove me wrong! Get out and get involved. Let's show all of U of T that Erindale is not a place you get stuck into when your marks are bad.

If any interfaculty teams feel they aren't getting enough coverage from the *medium II*, they should leave a message for me either at the *Press Box* or at the E.C.A.R.A. office...The Toronto Tornados are ready to start the 84/85 campaign. A special student season ticket

Rate of \$66.00 is for all 24 home games. Tickets are for seats in the stands around the back court lines...Blues season tickets for the Men's team are available for \$25.00, good for all 17 home games, including games against various American colleges...Basketball's Men's Blues tickets are \$20.00 for all 12 games...Lady Blues Basketball prices are yet to be announced...Don McLaughlin, a second year commerce student here at Erindale was named the Blues Male Athlete of the Week. McLaughlin scored twice in the Blues' win over Brock.

I crawled into myself
and then slowly emerged.
I felt a different person.

It wasn't until a few months had passed
that I realized
I had metamorphosed.

My soft thoughts and feelings hardened.
I had thought I was progressing.

I turn back to the caverns
and will the molten to transform -
not again to be so soft,
the least thing searing
yet no longer imperious
to the coaxes of timely sands
which could shape and polish
my rough edges

Patricia Meehan



The little pond mirrored the sky and ground growth with the sharp focus of a lens. Limpid shadows swept across its glassy, burnished surface, and lazy ripples stuttered over the water as the wind moved. Then, as the air stilled, the pond lapsed into smooth inertia.

The sun shone with the full intensity, the full lase heat of noon. Lavish rays wrested beads of sweat from the brow of the man as he walked, a lone figure etched with dry dust. The road stretched long and straight before him, spun like a taut thread over land to his resting place. The destination so distant, so far, his very soul so stifled, congested, his will wilting like a despairing flower, and still the sun burned on, relentless. The insane indigo of the sky shone so pristinely from the water, so tantalizingly, he had to succumb. Heaving a sigh which seemed to surrender all vitality to ether, he turned aside.

Riplets danced gladly in response to a flung stone. It was a gesture of energy not present, a last defiant effort by the force of life to drive and liven the man. But the furious stone was rebuffed by the gentle "plok" of pond water as it swallowed the stone and tranquilized it. And the army, the white-helmeted wavelets, vanquished by time, vanished back into the all-spawning water.

He bent down, face hovering over the pond, eyes piercing almost eagerly into the other world there offered. He saw that every glance was returned with a wonderful symmetry, knew that every gesture was immediately caught and returned. It was wonderful, it was so precise. It was also a herald of the futility which was surfacing. With another look he saw that every action was here neutralized with an equal reaction in opposition. In these witching waters neither love, hate, life or death mattered. Nothing escaped the smoking waters of illusion.

Here was isolation without hope of contact. The water goblin, the nemesis whose eyes mocked with mimicry, was shattered before the hand could touch,

was blurred into nothingness by arms aching to hold it, but demonically found focus again and always, form without substance, to taunt and deride like the shroud sheet isolation of bed which entombed him silently, savagely silently, the only refuge from the strange shadowy worlds at midnight. Those sapping eyes, all water, danced still, summoning "Come" a siren spell, and words heard once "Fear beath by drowning" seared and blistered his brain. He, now goblin and water spirit, fell impotently into the abyss. Strange.

He wanted to revel in the victory, cry havoc like the howling wind, and whirl, dance, scream with wild abandon, answer the echoing heart drum deep, deep here in the depths of his Ariel soul. But even victory lapsed into stalemate, the pointless ritual dance of king and king. Shouts unheard are silence in the end, and here was no one to hear or share even a scream. The water goblin had returned.

"Ah, Narcissus, was it love or despair that snared you? Could I, like you, bloom, peering forever into the still water, a self-sufficient, happily complacent, harmless flower?" "Flower," cried back the wind, an ironic echo, a reminder that even in passivity there lurks a goblin, maliciously delighting in harm. Nothing is harmless.

He had to go on, go out of this world of dreams, escape the almost irresistible lotus lake. Mind, even his ghost soul sighed for that rest proffered, rejected here; but body ached to go on, muscles rose in excitement at the prospect of new motion. The very ghost sighed, sole signal to the world outside, a signal unheard, not seen by anyone, of a war, a great battle, a higher drama than any in history recorded, or theatre staged. And wonderful because it occurs daily, and passed into silence because it cannot be caught, exposed by words.

By Albert Peeling

What was that one who embellished those words
upon that thorny crown?

"Imortal"

Plato in our land of OZ
beside his box of LEGO

Worried/words of daily dross
eyes for eye
fearing

There's no place like home.

By Carol Larusson

The Lighthouse

I stand alone
among the cliff tops
naked at the shoreline

the chill grey sky
laps at the murky waters
below
as I gaze - eyes fixed
to the horizon
I see my savior
eye to eye

the world is at my shoreline
come - let us part the waves

- Carol Larusson

Musicians Come Forth!

Exendale College. U of T - an attractive college community.
Perhaps ideal - at least for me, but I wonder about its identity.
I'm here for fun. I do confess.
But I'm not a pinhead. I must protest!
The songs I hear about this school make me look like a bloody fool.
This place has culture, it's an entity
That's growing up with a new city.
A place of learning, and one of change
And yet you look at me so strange
For I do not swear when I speak
Nor have a beer stuck in my beak!
Instead, I'm proud and intelligent.
And I've earned it, friends, to my last red cent.
I saw a sign painted on a wall
In words so clear, and yet so small
Students must change the world! it said
And restless lay I now in my bed.
What a huge responsibility
To ask of someone as young as me.
Yet it is a task we must try to do
And so I write these words to you:
Let's scrap these vulgar songs we sing
And write new ones...about anything.
Tales that tell of Exendale - not of blowheads drinking ale!
Instead, let's sing of accomplishments
In past and present and future events.
Musicians come forth with a song of this spirit
And I'll sing so loud, the whole world will hear it!

Gord Green

Peace Broke Out

A couple settled into the cramped space of the living room. Now that the dishes had been cleared and the children put to bed, they could relax and watch the television monitor. The husband and wife held each other and stared dreamy eyed at the telecast.

The National News came on with its usual flair except for the smiling face of Barbara Foreign. There was a long moment of silence which increased the tension on her face. She took a deep breath and spurted out the tragic news.

"peace has broken out!"

"Oh God," screamed the wife. She grasped tightly on to her husband. Both held a horrifying look of disbelief. "...just hours earlier the news was relayed to the media. We have in our studio the Commander in Chief of the Army, Mr. Warmonger, and the President of the Alliance for War, Mr. M.X. Missileton in our studio in Vancouver."

"Mr. Warmonger, could you please enlighten us on this devastating tragedy." She turned to the bulky commander.

"Yes Barbara, peace has erupted everywhere." He shifted on his seat and leaned forward. A tense look of concern formulated on his face as he delivered the message slowly. "Our enemies have simply refused to fight back."

Barbara shook her head in disbelief. "Are you going to let our Nation be held hostage?"

"For the time being yes, Barbara. Further attacks on our enemies would irradicate them permanently."

"Mr. Missileton, what do you have to say on the matter." Barbara uttered, still shocked by the previous revelations.

"Thank you Barbara. This is the sort of incidence we have been warning the country about for the past decade. This is a much deeper situation than Mr. Warmonger claims. We, along with the Society of Continuation War Talks have repeatedly warned of this outcome. The heavy usage of nuclear weapons destroyed the crop fields and simply starved off our enemies. We have been begging the government to stop this destruction of farmland. We have to ship food out to them before they starve. We'll have no one to fight with."

"That, that, that, is totally inaccurate Barbara," stuttered the Commander. We have figures to..." "Figures!" cried Mr. Missileton. "You couldn't count your bloody fingers."

"I am sorry we have to cut away," Barbara interjected. "We'll turn to our office in Washington to find out what P.M. Mulrooney has to say on the news. Mr. Cannon, what's the news."

"Official word from the P.M. is that he is postulating on the tragedy and waiting for a conclusive estimation of the impact of the catastrophe on the Natives of Canada, before finalizing a conclusion."

"I am afraid I don't understand," Barbara finally spoke the truth.

"After careful analysis, it appears that he is stalling for time. He hasn't been able to reach Mr. Reagan for his opinion."

"Where is the President, sir," Barbara uttered another brilliant question, clearly showing how she got the job. "Ahh, Ronnie is sound asleep, dreaming about missiles still. We do have an official statement from Nancy though. She proposes that all the States become separate and start a mutual war with each other. That's the only way to save the world."

"Are you aware of the impact of peace on the economy?"

"Yes Barbara. Recent news from Hong Kong has it that Bomb Shelter Stocks are now worth pennies. Mass hysteria has set in already."

"Thank you Mr. Cannon. We will come back in a moment and address the problems of peace in Canada."

The husband and wife arose from the couch and walked over to the children's bedroom, still stunned by the news.

"Oh God!" the husband groaned. "We'll be out of jobs."

"Yes, and the beautiful chirpings of gunfire in the morning will be no more. How will the children take this news."

"They will never experience war. They'll have to read about it in books," said the husband.

"Oh God! What's the world coming to..."

By Atul Sohla



Through the myriads of nebulae, planets
The Pandora-like box hauled from space.
Among the infinite variety it did roam.
Until it found the perfect home.

The unadorned fireball met the air
A comet-like tail sprouted out from the
Across the horizon, it fell to the ground
And greeted the soil without a sound.
A lush green carpet covered the land.
The restless oceans sifted sedimentary
In the virgin jungles, life did arise.
The adolescent planet was paradise.

Two human figures clambered out from
From whence they came, it was not known.
The powers above had chosen their fate.
What the future held, Man would know.

By Gregory

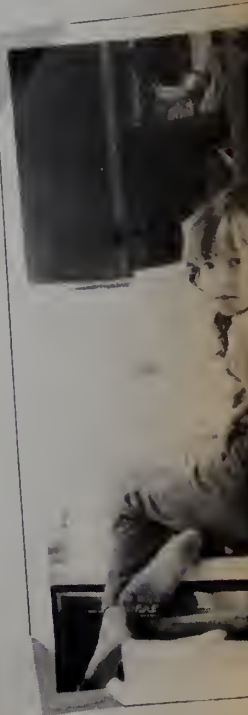
Literally

antho

The Masterpiece

The artist paints a picture
That is perfect in every way
Mixing and matching colours
To create on canvas
Life long dreams and desires
Of beauty, wealth and success
Resulting in a portrait
Of immortality.

However, this only sound
A temporary image
As with each new day
The picture was changing
Seemingly out of control
While furiously its creator
With paint brush and palette
Attempting to halt its advance



Hydraulic DISPLACEMENT

By Tim Kitigawa

I was sick for two days before the physics exam. My nose was plugged. I coughed up green globs of mucus into the toilet. My eyes watered and my shoulders ached. I studied from six 'til ten the night before the exam. Some of the work I hadn't seen before. The Gravitational constant:

$$G \ 6.670 \times 10^{-11} \ \frac{\text{N.m}}{\text{kg}^2}$$

Refraction, diffraction and dispersion. My nose dripped on my Vic's Vapo Rub smeared chest.

Physics wasn't a good subject for me. I didn't do the homework. On tests, I sat behind John Rendeiro. He let me copy. My average was 78. On the last test, I got perfect and he had 94 because he made an adding error on a question about the weight of a moon buggy on Mars. That bugged him.

I got up at 7:00 I had a shower and spit mucus down the drain. My nose wouldn't clear though I blew it with toilet paper four times.

Virginia gave me a sweater for my 18th birthday. It was blue and grey knit. I put it on. I wore long underwear under my jeans. I hated being sick. I didn't want to get more sick even if I had to wear clothes I didn't like.

Mom ate toast and drank coffee. "How do you feel?" She worked on a crossword in the last night's Toronto Star.

"Terrible." I made a cup of tea. I put the radio on. The Leafs won. A couple from Newmarket with a four month old baby girl won a hundred thousand in Wintario.

"What's a word for 'Uses oakum.' " Mom looked up over her glasses.

"Tularemia. T-U-L..."

"I can't ask you anything."

I looked through my physics text. I didn't know electric current. I didn't know centripetal force. I knew frequency. I drank the tea.

People tested each other verbally in the halls. "What's the voltage between two 1.5-volt cells in series?"

"What are the subtractive primaries?"

"An airplane is travelling toward an airport 200 kilometers away due east. The wind has velocity 30 kilometers per hour..."

I blew my nose in front of my locker. I put my physics text on the second shelf and my pen in the back pocket of my jeans. My calculator was under some English tests on the bottom shelf. The power button was on. The calculator was dead.

Mom told me to bring some Kleenex. I had two left. I looked for John Rendeiro. People filed into the examination room. I took my dead calculator and followed.

The exam room was really with their removable walls removed to make one big space. The chalk boards around the room were clean. In the first term's history exam, Dave Woolley and I wrote an entire essay about Andrew Jackson and democracy on the side boards before the exam. Nine people had the same essay on the exam, and Mr. Stroud, the history teacher couldn't understand how it happened. From then, all the boards were cleaned, the desks cleaned, and the floor mopped.

Eight rows had sixteen desks each. On the front board, someone wrote PHY550, Mr Van Loon.

No one sat near the front. John Rendeiro sat in front of me. I was in the last seat in the first row. Along the top of my desk someone had drawn pictures of teachers in ball point. The test papers were face down on each desk. I pressed the paper down and tried to see through to the questions on the other side. It was the answer sheet.

"You ready?", John asked.

"Isn't it a question whether you're ready?" He laughed. I sneezed. I wiped my face with a Kleenex.

Mr. Van Loon stood at the front. He had red hair and a red beard. His glasses made his eyes bigger. He wore a brown suit and a red tie with llamas on it. He always wore that tie.

At 8:02, Mr. Van Loon said, "Turn your papers over and good luck."

Everyone had their heads down working. I looked around. Mr. Van Loon looked at me. I put my head down.

The first part of the exam was worth thirty marks. Multiple choice. Multiple guess. I looked under John's right arm. I saw the first ten questions were answered. A,A,D,C,A,B,C,B,B,D. I was doing well. I felt a sneeze crawl into my nose.

I took a Kleenex from my back pocket. Mr. Van Loon watched. I sneezed. I sat the dirty Kleenex on the edge of the desk on a picture of Miss Stanton swinging a baseball bat at a student's head.

I sneezed again. I covered my nose with my left my lip. I reached with my right hand to my left back pocket and got the last Kleenex.

"Oh, gross!" Sarah Bohan sat in the next row watching.

"Shut up." She bugged me. I cleaned my nose.

When Mr. Van Loon announced the half-way mark in the exam, I had finished the multiple choice and half a problem. I couldn't do the mathematics. My calculator was dead. I did one question about wave propagation that would get part marks. I skipped the question on ohms and the one on hydraulics. I had done enough to pass the year.

I cleared my throat AND FELT A BLOB OF MUCUS FLOAT IN MY MOUTH. No more Kleenex. It filled my mouth.

I didn't want to call Mr. Van Loon and ask if I could go to the washroom because I couldn't talk. I couldn't spit it out on the floor. I knew it was green. I imagined a big green splotch on the white tiled floor. My nose was plugged. It was hard to breathe. I opened my mouth a bit to take in air. Saliva dripped down my chin. I it on my sweater.

I swallowed it. It seemed to take a long time to slide down my throat. I almost threw up.

I signed my name on the exam paper and walked to the front. "Finished already?", Mr. Van Loon said, raising his eyebrows at me. There was still half an hour left.

I put the calculator in my locker on top of the physics book and went to the cafeteria. I bought a pack of fifteen Kleenexes. I didn't eat anything and went home to bed.

the Cement Garden

Welcome to the cement garden
Where, for a mere two-fifty
You may own the refreshing fragrance
Of withering blossoms
At the corner of Yonge and Dundas.

And although the municipalities
Attempt to neutralize
The wasted metropolises
They do so in vain
As they have simply created
Square plots of lawn
That are confined by concrete
The boundaries of nature being clearly defined.

Even here, the park benches are occupied
By unsightly forms
And thus are avoided
At all costs.

Consequently
Thousands escape
And travel below
Where dozens attempt to
Enter and leave
Simultaneously.
And when aboard, these figures sit
Like crated eggs
Each isolated
In his own compartment
Afraid to look or move or speak
But instead
They intensely concentrate
On the advertisements above
As though
They were reading them for the first time.

I step out of the station
For a fresh breath of smog
And at high noon
I proceed to walk several blocks
In an attempt to locate
A single beam of sunlight
Only to find it blocked
By red brick buildings
And towers of glass
Where important people
Do important things
For important reasons.
Ironically
I stand here
In the midst of paradise
Only to find it paved.

By Violet Grofsics

Portrait of a Castle-Builder

From the doorstep to the curb I pressed
Another dull day passes within the interior
The Thoroughfare of the suburb is my stage
My sparks of imagination begin their cellular dance...

Two watery eyes appear through soda-pop bubbles
Unanswered letters taint her lost love
Prowess prowls behind the draped glass
And shatters her pursuit of melancholia.

Beauty and Age make passage to wave hello
And I pick up my shadow
Because the moon has fallen from the sky

Impressive solitary, like windblown grass, files by
Displaying no name and tarnished firefly eyes
I salute the militant oblongness
As cannon fire shakes me by the reins

The rustle of leaves, I see the laughter of children
Hidden between the cracks in the sidewalk
A light beam sweeps down like the mighty Zephyrus
And cleaves away the leaves and laughter.

Wisdom and Truth make passage to wave hello
And I pick up my shadow
Because the moon has fallen from the sky

To the doorstep I return
My owl-like eyes weary of the way
Images at twilight become difficult to perceive
And falter in a darkness without a moon.

They keep falling from the sky...

By Rino Anastasio

"Come day," they said.
"When you grow up,
You'll know there's no such thing."

Child, you speak so simply.
Let me know your simple ways.
What about you makes me want
To want to touch those earlier days?

Do you know your mind (abuses me)?
Can you see how much you say?
Will you take me to your hives?
Let me spend some time away.

Child, why are you crying?
Think of all your years ahead.
There's so much yet to dream and hope for...
"Yesterday's gone," was all he said.

Every man is one in dignity,
thus for every man is one obliged.

By Cathy Klomp

Photography by Carol Larusson

entertainment

No Small Affair lives up to part of its title

By Lawrence Barichello

No *Small Affair* is probably just that to the people who named it, but for the rest of us it's probably no big deal.

It's the story of a sixteen-year-old amateur photographer Charles Cummings (played by Jon Cryer) who inadvertently photographs twenty-three-year-old rock singer Laura Victor (played by Demi Moore, of General Hospital fame) while innocently shooting a pier in the San Francisco Bay.

Only when he looks over his proofs does he discover that she is beautiful. Then, he becomes obsessed with her (of course) and starts following her to the bar in which she sings lead with a rock band, just to get a glimpse of her. The problem is that he can't get into bars at sixteen, and has to wait outside the door for a chance to catch her in his viewfinder.

He finally catches up with her in an aquarium, (there *must* be something symbolic here, but I can't figure it out) and asks her if he can take some photos of her. She refuses at first, but then finally concedes.

In the true tradition of the socially inept sixteen-year-old,

(the kind you only meet in movies like this) he doesn't think about getting anything from her except for her photograph. When they finally do sleep together, it is her idea.

His innocence is at stake here. At the beginning of the movie Charles is the type of kid who doesn't like to look at dirty videos at his brother's stag or fool around with the hooker that his brother buys for him (his brother, you may have noticed, is a real fun-loving guy).

When he meets Laura we know his interests are about to change. His romantic streak fades as a direct result of his first sexual experience, and when Laura flies off to Los Angeles to further her career, we expect that he will start taking quite a few less photos and start hitting on quite a few more women. We are not wrong.

And that is one of the disappointing aspects of this film: its predictability. If you haven't already noticed, this story line is ancient. Ever since *The Graduate*, the theme of the naive young male being seduced by the experienced 'older woman' has been reworked in every variation of a

scriptwriter's wish fulfillment imagineable. Over the years, of course, the young men have become younger, but little else has changed.

The only surprise in the entire film is that there is *not* the usually recognized minimum amount of nudity required to make a film like this sell. There is not even so much as a clear shot of Demi Moore in the buff (perhaps Demi thinks she'll ruin her daytime T.V. image).

One can't help noticing the lack of realism in the film. Just where does a sixteen-year-old kid get literally thousands of dollars worth of camera and darkroom equipment? And have you ever heard of a beautiful twenty-three-year-old rock singer who doesn't already have an insanely jealous boyfriend?

There are some redeeming qualities to this film, however. What it lacks in plot it tries to make up for with some truly funny moments and some pretty good acting on the part of Jon Cryer (who at nineteen, looks just right for the part of a sixteen-year-old). "My name's Charles Cummings" he says to his mother's new boyfriend when he meets him in the bathroom, "just in case



you're wondering whose mother you had your way with last night".

Overall, however, I'd say the bad points of this film outweigh the good ones. If you really feel that you must see

it, though, I think you should wait. It seems like the type of film that will be in the video stores or on pay T.V. before too long.

Cambodia's war cries

By Susan Lee

Killing Fields is a British production by the producer of *Chariots of Fire*, David Puttnam. It is written from a true story about the Cambodian war. The story begins in 1973, when a New York Times reporter, Sydney Schanberg, is sent to Cambodia to report on the condition of the war. There he meets Dith Pran who acts as his translator. These two characters work together, going against all kinds of difficulties and try to write the true story of the war. By 1975, the communists succeed in occupying the country. The five years of war finally end. After staying in Cambodia for some time after the war, Sydney tries to help Pran to escape from the country by making a false passport for him. Unfortunately, the plan fails and Pran is forced to stay in Cambodia, alone. The sincerity of Sydney's report on Cambodia's situation eventually earns him the title of Journalist of the Year, but there is still one regret in his life—he could not help Pran out of the country. Schanberg tries all means to find him but not until 1979 does Pran successfully escape from Cambodia and meet Sydney again.

Killing Fields is a film made with great sincerity. It tries to tell the true story of Sydney Schanberg and Dith Pran. Through these two characters, we are shown an objective view of Cambodia during and after the war. The film does not overemphasize the effect of violence though it tries to show the hardship this war brings to the people in Cambodia. The



sound of the crying of children is so often heard in the film that it becomes a symbol of suffering. Several times in the film, information is being delivered through the mass media like TV or radio. This shows the efforts that the director Roland Joffe has made to bring objectivity to the film.

Killing Fields is a film about war but this is not all. It is a film about love and friendship. The film moves from external events to internal and personal ones. The latter part of the film concentrates on the condition of Cambodia after the war. Pran says that they, the communists teach people not to love and not to have any emotions. But the irony is that the war has brought Pran and Sydney together. Through the war, they develop love and friendship. Unfortunately, the end of the war leads to more killings and worst of all, the destruction of love. What is left in the country is emotional sterility and the feeling of

death. These ideas are delivered through the careful setting of the the scenes. We see thousands and thousands of people dressing in black, being forced to work in the fields; we also see thousands of people being killed, for they do not want to obey the communists.

The performance of Sam Waterson, who plays the role of Sydney, is moving. He successfully portrays the character of Sydney—quick-tempered but intelligent and with devotion towards his works and his friends. Dr. Haing S. Ngor, who plays the role of Pran was actually a doctor in Cambodia during the war. His experiences in Cambodia have made him a suitable person for this role.

The greatness of *Killing Fields* lies in its sincerity in presenting the truth about one of the saddest episodes in recent history. The sense of objectivity the film conveys is one of its achievements. *Killing Fields* is a film worth seeing.

HART HOUSE Second Production 1984-85

By Irene Jerrett

Man Equals Man by Bertolt Brecht opened last Wednesday, November 14th at the Hart House Theatre. It is without a doubt a difficult play, both in its plot and staging, yet the Hart House production is not without its high points.

The play takes place in India and deals mainly with a character named Galy Gay. The plot revolves around Galy Gay's (played by Barnaby Southgate) involvement with three villainous soldiers of the British Army.

Galy Gay leaves his home one morning to buy a fish for his dinner. Sounds innocent enough, but to the surprise of his wife (Carolyn Guillet) he never returns home. On his way to the market he becomes involved with the Widow Begbick (played by Monica Prendergast) who runs a beer wagon for British soldiers. At the Widow's, Galy Gay is introduced to three British Soldiers (played by James Chad, Richard Markle and S. P. Melville). This evil trio manages to entice Galy Gay into posing as their fourth member who is currently missing. Thus Galy Gay stands in for Jeraiah Jip (the missing comrade) during their military inspection. When Jeraiah Jip (John Archi-

bald) manages to brutalize Galy Gay into believing that he is Jeraiah Jip. Thus Galy Gay (who now thinks he is Jeraiah Jip) is convinced that Galy Gay is dead and recites his own funeral oratory.

Well, if you find this plot a bit difficult to swallow, it is not surprising. The credibility of this plot is one of the major difficulties of this play. This along with problems in staging and dialogue dampen the success of the play. The use of a multi-level stage adds to the play's own confusion in the opening scenes. The movement of the characters on stage and amount of noise that is created as a result of the multi-level stage tends to distract and interfere with the dialogue.

But if the play has one bright spot it is in the capable humour and musical talents of the cast. They are able to carry the play through various satirical moments and still bring it to an effective dramatic conclusion. In brief the play is one worthwhile seeing, if only for the cast's ability to rise above the staging difficulties.

The play will be showing at the Hart House Theatre until November 24th. The admission fee is \$7 for the general public and \$3.50 for seniors and students.

entertainment

American Dreamer: the title or director himself?

By G. B. Kirk

Paris—high fashion—diplomatic intrigue—murder—romance! Sound like a word association test for Harlequin authors? Nope, this is *American Dreamer*, and with all of the above plus the undisputed acting talents of Tom Conti and Jobeth Williams it would appear to be a film with a lot going for it. Regrettably the result is only mediocre as a "romantic-adventure", and even more unsuccessful as a comedy.

The story is unrealistic in a way that was meant to be fun, but ends up being tiresome. We are introduced to Cathy Palmer (Williams), a housewife who resorts to dreams of Europe to escape the disappointing reality of life with an insensitive, workaholic husband (James Stacey) and two precocious kids. Writing a short-story about pulp detective "Rebecca Ryan" wins her a trip to Paris. When her husband refuses to go with her, Cathy decides to go alone.

Paris being Paris, we all know something special just has to happen to Cathy. Sure enough, her first morning out, a head injury leaves her be-

lieving she is none other than Rebecca Ryan, her fictional heroine. Before long she has acquired a vast designer wardrobe and has moved into the hotel room—and life—of Alan McMann (Conti), son of the authoress of the Rebecca Ryan novels. McMann believes he is the victim of an elaborate practical joke when "Rebecca" stalks in addressing him as the detective's gay side-kick, Omitri. Before he learns the truth however, Cathy has managed to involve them in a genuine murder mystery involving a suspicious politician (Giancarb Giannini).

Tom Conti moved from the theatres of London to win critical acclaim in Oshima's *Merry Christmas Mr. Lawrence* and an Academy Award nomination for best actor playing a decrepit Scottish poet in *Reuben, Reuben*. He carries a warm, sensitive, slightly rumpled persona into all of his films; sort of a British Alan Alda. Conti's performance as Alan McMann is the best thing about this otherwise disappointing film. He gives a sympathetic portrayal of a man who reluctantly falls in love

with a clearly demented woman.

Jobeth Williams has shown, in films such as *The Big Chill* and *Poltergeist*, that she's no slouch when it comes to taking down-to-earth characters and bringing them alive on film. The problem here is that she spends much of the film in her Rebecca Ryan persona, a woman so consistently flamboyant to the point of being unbearable. There's only so much an actress can do with a character who utters unforgettables like, "I always get my man, even when he's a woman."

Kevin, the husband who literally takes his work to bed, is made credible and creepy by James Stacey. Giancarb Giannini's talents are largely wasted as the villain, a man who seems to spend most of his waking hours widening his eyes for dramatic effect.

A lot of the comedy falls flat, most notably the scenes with the Spanish Ambassador (horribly acted) and those involving a police captain. Overall, the direction is choppy, some scenes are clumsy and others apparently incomplete



(McMann cries, "Watch this!" from behind the wheel of a speeding car then merely turns a corner...).

At one point, ironically, McMann declares, "I will not

be outwitted by a two-dimensional character in a cheap romantic fiction!" Sadly, both Conti's and Williams' acting talents are outdone in this silly, uninspiring film.

Has any writer yet discovered the real Noah?

By Bun Ng

From the cover, and from the introduction on the cover-flip, one knows that Timothy Findley's new novel *Not Wanted On The Voyage* is about Noah's flood. But besides just knowing the plot, Findley allows us to have a feel of the twist he implemented. He sets the tone with the opening line: "Everyone knows it wasn't like that".

Nol Indeed it isn't exactly like what the *Bible* tells us. But the point is, does "whatever it was like" really matter? I mean, is Findley just retelling the story in a different manner? Morley Callaghan tried to retell the crucifixion and justify what Judas did in *A Time For Judas*. That was a fine story, one of the best long fictional works Callaghan has written. But does its point—whether we have misjudged Judas—affect us? Although he plays a crucial role in the *Bible*, Judas is actually quite a minor character whom we now don't even feel strongly enough about to hate. *A Time For Judas* fails right there. A lovely story, but I cannot relate very closely to it.

If you are the kind of reader who wants to find something to relate to in a book, *Not Wanted On The Voyage* is good. It is a tragic tale, full of creatures dying one after the other. Findley even stages the death of God. God in this novel is a human-like figure, so human, in fact, His portrait is almost revolting, "his beard flowed all the way to his waist and though it was white, there were yellow streaks and bits of food and knotted tats." He has been killed seven times by

scornful humans and has decided to clean the house; that is to say, he takes revenge, and, not figuratively speaking, it is a revenge. In the eyes of Noah's wife, Mrs. Noyes, or the eyes of her cat, Mottyl, the flood is a massacre. God left His Edict for Noah and afterwards "consented to his own death". One can say He died a displeased death, but He carried with Him millions of living souls. The lesson is when God is denied and killed seven times, He sure can get quite mad.

In the *Bible*, the flood is just history; it was the first time the world ended. With the present concerns of a holocaust, one comes to a sudden realization of the closeness between the world in *Not Wanted On The Voyage* and the world we are living in. When Noah says, "What is this world coming to?" it suddenly makes perfect sense. We are reading about ourselves: those of us who are going to be on the voyage, and those of us who are not wanted on the voyage.

The planning for the flood is only a third of the story; the story carries on with developments of various characters. We see a clearer picture of Noah. He "follows every order however ridiculous" from God, and besides that "all he thinks of is sex". His obsessed pursuit of God's and his own interests turns him into a tyrant, who eventually splits up his family. Noah's wife Mrs. Noyes is the most interesting figure because she is the only person who wishes to save everyone on Earth. Her motherly side comes out whenever motherly tenderness is required. She is an alcoholic, but she only turns

to the tranquilizer when she needs to be calmed down, or when she wants to relax. The insanity in the world of the flood allows her to become an amateur alcoholic with the reader's full respect. Her longing for peace and harmony and her disregard for "whoever's will" or "whatever is deemed necessary" makes her the most lovable of all the characters. The tragedy revolves mainly around her. Her cat is first burnt and refused entry into the ark; her caring for family unity is destroyed by Noah's insistence on an institutional setting; and she witnesses continual massacres of all creatures, from the fairies to the demons. Despite all that, Mrs. Noyes goes through hell unscathed, maintaining motherly virtue. She is the personification of hope, a character so well portrayed that she makes the whole book live.

We have not yet examined one tenth of the book. For example, the Lucy character is an ingenious creation. Being the most rebellious of all the characters, she constantly opposes God while at the same time loving him. Consequently she is permanently engaged in an unsettling internal struggle. Findley has started out to explore a wide range of personalities, and has brought them into believable conflict. Contrary to those in most novels, Findley's characters have gone through the most soul-searing of events without being capable of learning. One cannot see a character scorning or loving the past, or looking forward to the future. For example, before the flood, Noah used to experiment with cats

and more or less rob them of their lives. At the end of the novel Mrs. Noyes says, "and now, Noah wanted another world and more cats to blind." Most novels embody a search of some sort. This novel is not even about a voyage to search for the truth. Life goes on, events happen and one can only be aware of what is *not* wanted. The characters are

more or less unsatisfied with the present, but there is no way out. They are condemned to existence.

The result is not literature of the absurd. What we have is the real stuff of life. Findley's writing is naked, sincere and honest. One can always ask for more, but *Not Wanted On The Voyage* has quite capably set the standard.



CFRE Playlist
November 12-November 18, 1984

LW	TW	Album or 12" Single	Artist
4	1	All The Rage	General Public
3	2	Tonight	David Bowie
6	3	Fuel For The Fire	Naked Eyes
1	4	Braille	Terraced Garden
5	5	Story of a Young Heart	A Flock of Seagulls
2	6	The Las Vegas Story	The Gun Club
14	7	A Pagan Place	The Waterboys
8	8	Emotional Warfare	Silent Running
7	9	Shock of Daylight	The Sound
9	10	No Brakes	John Waite
13	11	Touch	The Eurythmics
10	12	Bewitched	Summers/Fripp
16	13	Pseudo Echo	Pseudo Echo
-	14	Lament	Ultravox
11	15	"CCC" Can't You See"	Vicious Pink
17	16	Sacred Cowboys	Sacred Cowboys
18	17	Sea to Shining Sea	Choir Invisible
-	18	A Day in the Life of...	Captain Sensible
-	19	Born in the USA	Bruce Springsteen
-	20	Direktive 17	Direktive 17

The CFRE Playlist was compiled by Music Director Beverly Kyle

"Look in your eyes, you're worlds away, where art is love is science."

—Paul Simpson and Ian Broudie *—Strange Advance*

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feature/opinions

Jeopardizing wildlife species

WILDLIFE



By Jimmy Poon

We are now losing our species from the earth at a rate exceeding one a day. By the late eighties it will be one an hour. As many as one million species could be lost by the year 2000.

Simply put, we are causing extinctions at a rate that bears no resemblance to natural rate or evolution. We are drastically narrowing the genetic diversity upon which humanity and all life depends.

Is this a problem mainly caused by humans? Some people feel that perhaps extinction is a perfectly natural evolutionary process, one that has gone for millions of years with or without human participation.

From some recent research done by the World Wildlife

Fund Canada (WWF), however, we now know that the rate of extinction during the last three centuries has escalated to several hundred times the previous rate. This rate will likely increase yet again in the next century. The obvious answer is still controversial, but there are various lines of evidence, ably marshalled by modern paleontologists, that make it seem highly likely that humanity got an early start in the business of extinction.

The Homo Sapiens species has experienced a vast increase in numbers, from 450 million to 4000 million in the last 300 years alone. The astonishing development in advanced technology makes it increasingly difficult for any of fellow species to survive.

As of December 1983, a study done by the Committee on the Status of Endangered Wildlife in Canada (COSEWIC) cited about 55 different species classified as either endangered, threatened or rare in Canada.

"The major reason why these

species are endangered or threatened is simple enough," Stanford University Biological Science professor Paul Ehrlich says. "They did not suffer from the inability to fly or any other adaption problems to their environment, simply—they were delicious to eat and economically useful to use."

Many commercially valuable species, such as whale and seal, are always directly endangered by human's overexploitation. In 1933 almost 30,000 whales were killed, yielding 2.5 million barrels of whale oil. In 1943, almost twice as many whales were involved in the tragedy.

It has been a tragedy for wildlife and humanity alike. Many international commissions get involved and advised these shortsighted actions taken by economists and hunters seemed self-destructive.

While most people are completely unaware of these subtler aspects of our dependency on the natural ecosystem, they are no less vital for being comparatively inconspicuous. With some background on the struc-

ture and organization of ecological systems, each kind of organism has its own rule within its ecosystem and is to some degree—often a very great degree—essential to the continued healthy functioning of that system. Deletion of any species from the system, and continued extinctions in the system are certain to cause disruption.

Some conservation organizations, such as Sierra Club, the Wilderness Society, the Audubon Society, and the National Wildlife Federation were founded in the hope of contributing aid in the field of wildlife conservation and animal welfare. In Canada, a typical group on these fields, World Wildlife Fund Canada (WWF), was founded in 1967 in order to conserve wildlife and habitats for their own sake, as well as for the long term benefit of mankind.

Government agencies are also participating enormously and many environmental legislations have been passed in nations around the world. National Environmental Policy Act (NEPA), passed in early 70's, requires that all federal

agencies prepare an "environmental Impact Statement (EIS)" on any project or proposed legislation that would affect the environment. Yet biological resources—population and species—are still undervalued by the majority of citizens.

The existence of this array of environmental laws and any officially pro-environment policy in the government has not by any means brought environmental deterioration in most parts of the world to a halt, though they may have slowed down the rates of destruction and damage somewhat.

"Preserving any kind of animal will not be easy. Public opinion is easily swayed against a project that involves public sacrifice," says Paul Ehrlich. "What is desperately needed now is effective legislation protecting the species whenever it's found, combined with intensive research and—the most essential—public concern and co-operation."

It's not good enough to appreciate something only after it is lost forever.

Gandhi: the tragedy

By Atul Sothia

"Let us rejoice, I have killed my mother!"

The assassination of Indira Gandhi is the impetus for this article; however, let me state clearly that this is not just another isolated incident, rather this sort of violence is deeply embedded in the heart of society.

My first reaction was that of outrage and nausea at seeing the pictures of Sikhs celebrating the murder of a great woman. Their reasoning was that she had brought it upon herself. It was the will of God, that had decimated her.

What was this hideous act that Mrs. Gandhi was guilty of committing?

A mortal man who sought power and wealth had taken refuge behind the veils of God and had entrapped a minority of Sikhs to assist him. They went out and killed people who went against their wishes, Hindus and Sikhs alike, then retreated to their refuge safe from the wrath of the law.

Huge piles of ammunition were stockaded behind the walls of the Golden Temple. This holy temple had become a sanctuary for a terrorist camp. All Mrs. Gandhi did was to order her troops to halt this mindless massacre. She was guilty of flushing out murderers and assassins, not a group of defenceless holy men. For that incident, the great God of the Sikhs took his revenge by having her shot several times.

I honestly thought that with women in politics, the blood-

shed that accompanied the reign of men would be eliminated. The attempt on Prime Minister Thatcher's life and this killing have left me disillusioned. I am afraid we are willing to kill our mothers in the name of God.

On the verge of applauding the ensuing riots, I was struck by a bought of sanity. I took a retrospective look at life.

A man is born into a society, virgin of all thoughts. It does not matter whether he is born in Lebanon, Israel, Ireland, Poland, or any other society. He will adopt the norms of the society else be condemned as a radical. He is told not to question the shaky pillars of society. Preachers mouth the words of God directly and so their wisdom is unquestioned. A barrage of people indoctrinate him into the marching lines of zombies. He has no thoughts of his own, rather they are the seeds of a few that germinate in his skull. He merely acts as a fertilizer not knowing what kind of fruits he bears. He will adopt the battles of his predecessors and never question what the fighting is all about. Can this man be blamed for murder?

But we, of course, know the difference between right and wrong. We are not a troop of marching zombies, we have minds of our own.

This is a very false security blanket to cling to. The truth is that our leaders know how to exploit our beliefs and fears. The few in power try to secure their position by suppressing all rebellions. Whether we live in

a democratic or communist society, various forms of planned suppression occur. I argue that poverty and illiteracy do not just happen by chance, they are forms of suppressing the powerless. Suppression causes frustration and anger amongst the victims. When their grievances are unheard by deafened ears, a militant atmosphere is created. The quickest way of gaining publicity is by throwing a bomb anywhere. Unfortunately, the words are drowned in the noise and confusion.

That is the situation happening in India right now. The Sikhs wanted greater power and control over their state. But their grievances were ignored and an atmosphere of hatred created.

How different were the circumstances in Quebec? The majority of Francophones were suppressed by the minority of Anglophones who held most of the power.

How different is the situation in South Africa? In Lebanon? In Ireland? In Poland? I am in no way advocating terrorism nor trying to find an excuse for the few who incite violence. I have narrowed down a complicated matter into a few paragraphs and in no way hold the answers to a perfect society.

We can reduce the acts of violence by listening to the grievances of individuals and diffusing the problems, instead of suppressing them and advocating militancy unconsciously.

First Nation Rights

By Mari Naumovski

In the past two years, the concept of self-governing Indian nations has become a fiercely debated issue in the Canadian political scene. With the patriation of the Canadian Constitution in 1982 as to their rights, Indian leaders foresaw the possibility of total termination of their distinct status and sovereignty as a people.

On Wednesday, November 7 at the St. Lawrence Centre, C.A.S.N.P. (Canadian Alliance in Solidarity with the Native Peoples) and Centre Stage Forum sponsored "Indian First Nations Self-Government: Whose Definition?" The three panel speakers were Graydon Nicholas, lawyer for the Union of New Brunswick Indians and representing the Coalition of First Nations (C.F.N.); Wally McKay, Ontario Regional Chief of Chiefs of Ontario and Vice-Chief of the Assembly of First Nations (A.F.N.) and Walter Rudnicki, Director General of Program Planning and Policy, Dept. of Indian Affairs (D.I.A.).

Mr. Nicholas of the C.F.N. began by discussing the differences between the terms "Self-Determination" and "Self-Government." He explained that Self-Government is that condition which is bestowed to a people by another government, whereas Self-Determination is an inherent condition bestowed by the Creator himself.

All that the Canadian government can really do in regard to Indian people is recog-

nize their Self-Determination. It can never bestow something that Indians did not give up in the first place.

Mr. Nicholas, who has participated in a number of International assemblies on aboriginal rights stated that the governments of Canada, the U.S., Australia, South Africa, South and Central America have repeatedly refuse to recognize Indian nations as sovereign since this would imply their rights to Self-Determination according to international covenants.

Nicholas explained that the C.F.N. split from the A.F.N. at the time of the First Ministers Conference on Treaty and Aboriginal Rights in the Spring of 1983. Since treaties and agreements in the past were made strictly between the Indian people and the Crown, present negotiation should deal only with these two parties. By inviting the provincial premiers to these conferences, one is allowing the provinces a say in an issue of which they hold no legal or historical obligation.

Indeed, the provinces have been the "gate-keepers" to the Self-Government process. If one considers that land and resources are under provincial jurisdiction, it is no wonder that most provinces do not buy the concept of Indian Self-Government.

Wally McKay of the A.F.N. (formerly the National Indian Brotherhood) participated in both the 1983 and 1984 Constitutional Conferences. McKay

Cont'd on page 11

Self Government-Self Determination

stressed that Indian people were never conquered by war and that treaties made with the Crown or Dominion of Canada did not abrogate their sovereignty as nations but rather recognized and affirmed this status.

Indian people are not like other ethnic or racial groups in Canada. They did not emigrate to this country. They are of this country. They are the First Nations. Therefore, a distinct identity is rightfully theirs. They refuse to melt into the Canadian cultural mosaic.

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Personal

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medium 11 By-Elections

Results from the Nov. 7, 1984 By-Election:

Both Melody Beh and Kelly de Regt were elected to their respective positions of Business Manager and Photography Editor.

Notice of Dec. 12, 1984

By-Election:

The following positions on the Editorial Board are vacant: Entertainment Editor, Features Editor, News Editor and Sports Editor.

If you are interested in any of the above positions, please come into *The Press Box*, drop a note in the *medium 11* box in the ECSU office, or call 828-5260 for more information. Nominations open today, November 21, 1984 and close December 5, 1984.

"I do not ask for self-determination," McKay emphasized, "I am self-determination." It is a God-given, inalienable right and no government on the face of this planet can grant it or take it away.

The A.F.N. will not accept any self-government policy proposed by the federal government that does not meet their demands, for too much Indian legislation of the past has been passed with underlying intentions of assimilation.

Finally, Walter Rudnicki of D.I.A. began his talk by admitting that Canada's greatest unfinished business is, indeed, the realization of Indian self-governing nations.

Historically, he stated, relations between the Indian people and the Colonial governments were carried out in a diplomatic manner through the signing of treaties and the

holding of councils. However, after Confederation in 1867 and the passing of the Indian Act in 1870, the trust relationship between the two nations diminished to one of absolute dependency on the benevolence of the Canadian government.

The Indian Act is clearly no longer an acceptable piece of legislation. There is a dire need for Indian people to begin taking responsibility for their own future. McKay stressed that Indian people are no longer willing to accept any hand-out approach towards self-government.

To date, the Constitutional Conferences have only recognized existing aboriginal and treaty rights (sec. 35). In reference to self-government, no true agreement has been reached. One can say that there is not even an agreement

among Native groups as to the definition of or process towards self-government. The dependency relationship existing for well over 100 years has incapacitated many Indian people. The Dept. of Indian Affairs bureaucracy has certainly covered every aspect of Indian life. Further, the federal government is still willing to accept Indian self-government according to their own terms.

One audience member angrily pointed out that once Indian groups ever go outside the boundaries of established government Indian policy, they are labelled separatists. Since even the government has admitted that most of the past Indian policies are unacceptable, this assumption of "separatism" holds terrible and unfair connotations. Indians cannot be perceived as aliens in their own land. Rudnicki of

D.I.A., however, failed to see how any agreement could be made outside of Canada's constitutional framework.

Discussion on Indian self-government will continue. The next two years will be decisive ones for Indian people. The two remaining constitutional conferences are the last opportunities for discussion in such a forum. The panel discussion at Centrestage November 7, 1984 was precedent in that it brought together for the first time leaders of the A.F.N., C.F.N. and the federal government. It is surely a paramount transitional time for Indian people of this country and all decisions and agreements with the government should be considered carefully and extensively.

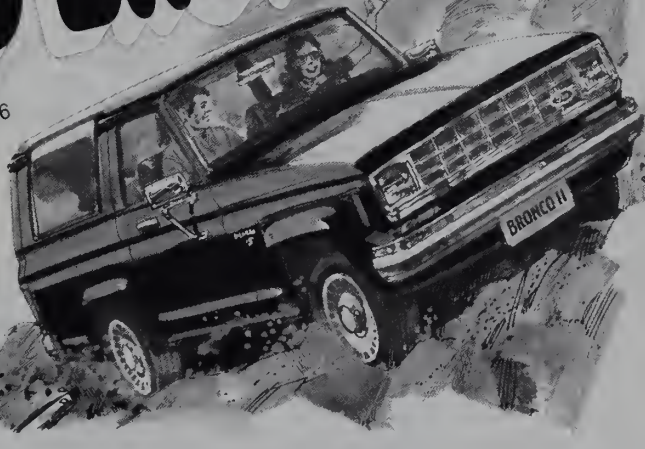


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5. This contest is open only to students of the age of majority in the province in which they reside who are registered full-time at any accredited Canadian University, College or Post-Secondary Institution. Employees of Telecom Canada, its member companies and their affiliates, their advertising and promotional agencies, the independent contest organization and their immediate families (mother, father, sisters, brothers, spouse and children) are not eligible. This contest is subject to all Federal, Provincial and Municipal laws.

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CFRE is played in the Blind Duck daily. 91.9 cable FM... Give it a listen...it's your Radio Station!

The Student Involvement Award

The application deadline is November 30th 1984. For involvement from September 1st 1983 to August 30th 1984 both on and off Campus. Pick up your application NOW at ECSU!

LaCard

This fantastic little item can allow you to save from 5% to 50% at over 550 locations around Toronto. The LaCard Student Discount card is available in the Meeting Place, outside the North Bldg. Caf, also at the SAC-ECSU Info Desk. Get it for only \$6!!!!!!

The Erindale Tuck Shop...
You can pick-up almost anything you need!

The Tuesday Luncheon Series

Erindale Secondary School Concert Band on November 27th in the Meeting Place at 12:00.

The ECSU Ride Board

Set up for your convenience! Make use of it...You never know who you meet when you share a ride! Located in the ECSU Lounge.

ECSU's Great Button Spotting Contest

Last week's winner—Fred Isaak (2 tickets to King 'Enry's Feast)
This week's winners—Michelle Perron, Meelen Wong (David Wilcox Tickets and CN Tower Tickets)

Underfunding

Underfunding...Are the students at The University of Toronto asking too much to be funded at the National University Average?

Think about it! It concerns you directly!